

GOING HOME

MR JAN MASARYK, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, has stated the war aims of the free peoples in the most simple terms of all. He said, "I want to go home." There spoke the heart of the exile and the true lover of home.

Rudely thrust out from his home in the heart of Europe by the most brutal marauders the Continent has seen, the civilised man of Europe looks forward to going home again. That longing is in the heart of all the free peoples dispossessed of their homes and property. It is in the hearts of countless Jews as they reach out to a land of their own. It is constantly in the minds and hearts of exiled Channel Islanders, of Belgians, French, Norwegians, Dutch, and Poles. Home—the most sacred word in all languages—sums up the dreams and hopes of the future.

The Finest War Aim

It speaks too for all the long line of the Empire's sons scattered to defend the four corners of the earth. The men of North Africa who have been away over three years fought across a continent and into Sicily knowing that is the shortest and most permanent way home. For Americans, Canadians, Australians, South Africans, and New Zealanders, home is the finest war aim. It says all there is to say for the common man. He is in the war because he knows that, unless the grim struggle is carried through, home and all the lovely facts of life it stands for will be destroyed.

HOME stands amongst the high, big things of life which times of crisis make infinitely precious. We take them for granted in the shallow moments of time, but when the rivers flood and run deep, we know their value and stake our life by them. Ninety out of a hundred schoolchildren who were asked to say what the word "England" reminded them of, replied "green fields." That is home. A young soldier steaming through the blue Mediterranean was asked to admire the view. "It's fine," he said, "but give me Rotherham Gas Works in the rain." That is home too! It may be only a room, a loved corner of country, the mellow face of an old house, or the cobble in a humble street. They stand for the remembered and treasured—the things worth fighting for.

An Ancient Challenge

These are the finest war aims, and the finest peace aims too. Many a soldier in the North African desert, and many an airman winging his way over the Atlantic, must have dreamed of the home he will set up after the war. These are the legitimate dreams of men at war, for home stands for the future as well as the present. It lifts the heart to hope and the mind to plan. It was in that spirit that G. K. Chesterton wrote his memorial to the nineteen members of the House of Commons who were killed in the last war, using the old House of Commons challenge "Who goes home?"

Men that are men again, "Who goes home?"
Tocsin and trumpet! "Who goes home?"
For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam

And blood on the body when man goes home.
And a voice valedictory, "Who is for victory?"
Who is for liberty? Who goes home?"

War hits homes hardest of all. It is here that the decimation and sadness of war are most felt. The vast events of mankind

which roll across the map of history are too big for most men to understand until they come home to their dwellings. The untold millions of China crawling homeless before the advancing Japanese; the Russian peasants fleeing before the German tanks; the desolated miners of Lidice; the humble workers of London's East End—it is among them that the misery of war lies, for they have seen their homes blasted and the simple dwelling-places of their children destroyed. That takes the heart out of men; but it also puts heart into them.

It is the man who surveys the ruins of his home and determines to build a better one who is the true home-maker. It is the man who sees that it is not bricks and stones alone which make a home, but the hearts and lives of the people, who is the creator of new and better homes.

So all the world turns homeward with a great longing to build and live better and finer. In Britain we have begun now to build instead of waiting until the war is over, and we have started by building houses for agricultural labourers. Though few as yet, those cottages are symbols of Britain's intention that all her people of the countryside shall have homes of which they can be proud.

The Future of the Miners

Another race of Britain's people who must go home to happier, healthier homes are the miners. As our soldiers liberate Europe so must the miners cut more coal to set the wheels of free Europe turning again. That means hard work. It calls for devotion and sacrifice—and comfort at home. That comfort we can help to provide by seeing that a new race of miners, besides winning more coal for the preparation of a just peace, also win new homes in which to live.

SOLDIERS, sailors, airmen, and munition workers too, will need homes. They have won the right to go home by their fortitude and gallantry. Home for them will be precious after long years of separation. We must see to it that their homes are neither jerry-built, nor so costly that no man can live in them. We must prepare for going home as zealously as we prepare for going out to fight the enemies of mankind. It is the same battle. Without a final defeat of the present enemies in the field there can be no plans for better and happier homes, but without those homes our victory will not be complete.

Wide Open Doors

But there is one fact about going home which no home-maker can forget. We must not enter our homes when the war is over and shut the doors. Just as the lands and homes of Britain have been wide open for the stranger in the days of war, so must they stand wide open in the new world of peace. Our homes may be our castles, but they must also be palaces of hospitality. The lights of freedom and friendship must flash from their windows. Britain must lead amongst the nations of men and not retire from business. Her sons and daughters born and educated in good homes must give to the world such unselfish service that men will know that here in these islands all men are at home. Nothing less than this is a worthy war aim and only this will make peace permanent and enduring.

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FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



Map Makers

Both the R A F and the U S A A F have Photographic Reconnaissance Units operating from this country over enemy territory, taking photographs from which invasion maps are made. Here an American officer is giving last-minute instructions to one of his pilots

A Gas Sheathes a Cable

MOST electric cables require a sheath or cover of india-rubber or gutta-percha to insulate them, and owing to the scarcity of rubber it has been necessary to find a substitute.

Most cyclists are familiar with the gas acetylene, made by dropping water upon calcium carbide, which gives a very brilliant light when burned. This gas when heated under pressure with hydrochloric acid yields a substance known as vinyl chloride, and under the influence of ultra-

violet light or ozone this substance thickens up (or polymerizes as scientists say) to a resin which makes an excellent substitute for rubber. The polyvinyl chloride, or P.V.C. as it is familiarly known, is applied to the cable hot, and, when cold, it remains as a rigid and unalterable coating of splendid insulating material. Many of the big cable companies are now using P.V.C. and its success has greatly helped to ease the position created by the rubber shortage.

UNNECESSARY JOURNEY

TRAVELLING was discouraged two centuries ago even more than it is today.

Evidence of this has come to light in an old chest locked and forgotten at Yealmpton Police Station in Devon. One of the hundreds of interesting documents it contained, yellow and musty with age, is dated May 10, 1742, and states that Walter Guest and Priscilla, his wife, "lately intruded into this parish," were "last legally settled" in another parish and

thither they were ordered to depart "as the law in that case made and provided directs and appoints." The removal order, signed by three Justices of the Peace, instructed Churchwardens and Overseers to carry out the ejectment of poor Walter and Priscilla!

Thus did parochial authorities in the "good old days" bundle off newcomers lest they should become an added burden on the rates. Their only necessary journey was the one back home!

Trouble in Hitler's Fortress

AT an hour when they are being thrust back by the Red Armies advancing on all fronts the Nazis have serious trouble on their hands in Bulgaria and the Scandinavian countries.

The sudden death of Hitler's evil ally, King Boris, and the succession to the Bulgarian throne of six-year-old Prince Simeon have increased the unrest already existing in that country of many rival factions.

It is true that Bulgaria has gained territory during this war by overrunning Macedonia and other Greek territory, but a very large number of the peasants are in sympathy with the Russians, while the townsfolk have been clamouring for peace. But Bulgaria is so essential to the defence of the Balkans in the coming critical months, the Germans already having headquarters at Sofia, that this unhappy country will feel more and more the harsh rule of the Nazis.

Their cruelty and ruthlessness has now changed the whole situation in Denmark, which has been placed under martial law. The Danish Government refused to hand over alleged saboteurs to be tried under German law, which imposes the death penalty, hitherto not practised in that mercy-loving land, so the German Army seized full control.

For three years the Nazis have greedily exploited little Denmark, robbing the farmers of their produce and using its factories for their war needs. Denmark was too weak to resist the overwhelm-

ing invasion in April 1940, and had to give up ten of her destroyers to Germany.

But the little Danish navy had one glorious hour when the Germans struck their second felon blow the other day. The warships that were able to sail at once made their way to Swedish ports, while the remainder were promptly scuttled in Copenhagen harbour. Munition dumps and other material likely to be of service to the hated Nazis were also destroyed.

Throughout Denmark there have been strikes and sabotage, and the Nazis have now to hold down by force a distinctly hostile people. Neutral Sweden is deeply stirred by the fate of her friend and neighbour which intensifies her feelings roused by the misery of Norway. She has protested vigorously against the sinking by Germans of her fishing boats in international waters, but Germany calls this protest arrogant and provocative, an ominous term by now familiar in Germany's dealings with smaller countries.

For a time the Nazis may continue to hold down these bitter enemies of hers in the little countries of Europe, but sabotage is increasing on every hand and the doom of the murderous oppressor is approaching.

Lebrun is Still President of France

IF it be true, as we are told, that the Gestapo has arrested Albert Lebrun, it is difficult to know what they expect to do with him. For this elderly man, tall, thin, pallid, and indeterminate, is still by all proper right President of the French Republic, though he has been cast aside entirely for the past three years.

French presidents are always the merest figureheads, unless they happen to have made an eminent or forceful career previously in politics, as some of them have done. Their duties are ceremonial, their influence much less than one might think. But Albert Lebrun, a decent person enough and a scholarly man, is not a forceful character, and little has been heard of him

since he was deposed by Petain.

But the French people had given Petain no authority to depose their duly-elected president. Albert Lebrun is still President of France, and it may be that the French Committee of National Liberation, now recognised officially in different degrees by Britain, the U.S.A., and the U.S.S.R., will confirm his office as President when the armies of liberation land on the shores of France once more. It might be no more than a gesture, but it would be a gesture of unification and a rallying signal. Perhaps this is why Hitler has called for the arrest of this harmless old teacher, not for what he is, but for what he might signify before very long.

OUR ENEMY

By President Roosevelt

The evil characteristic that makes a Nazi a Nazi is his utter inability to understand and therefore to respect the qualities or the rights of his fellow-men. His only method of dealing with his neighbour is first to delude him with lies, then to attack him treacherously, then beat him down and step on him, and then either kill or enslave him.

The same thing is true of the fanatical militarists of Japan.

Because their own instincts and impulses are essentially inhuman our enemies simply cannot comprehend how it is that decent, sensible, individual human beings manage to get along together and live together as good neighbours.

OUR ALLY

By Winston Churchill

Marshal Stalin, in direct command of the victorious Russian Army, cannot at the present time leave the battle-fronts upon which he is conducting operations of vital consequence—not only to Russia, which was the object of ferocious German attacks, but also to the common cause of all the United Nations.

To judge by the latest news from the Russian battle-fronts, Marshal Stalin is certainly not wasting his time. The entire British Empire send him our salutes on his brilliant summer campaign, and on the victories of Orel, Kharkov, and Taganrog, by which so much Russian soil has been redeemed and so many hundreds of thousands of its invaders wiped out.

THE ALLIES AND THE FRENCH

THE British, American, and Canadian Governments have given official recognition to the French Committee of National Liberation at Algiers.

They regard this Committee, of which Generals de Gaulle and Giraud are the Presidents, as the administrator of all those French overseas territories which acknowledge its authority, and as the defender of French interests.

The Committee has stated that it will cooperate with the Allies until victory is complete over all the enemy Powers. This co-operation does not, however, lessen the paramount control of all military operations in French territory by the Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies.

The recognition is for the period of the war only and is not a recognition of a Government of France or the French Empire. As the French Committee has declared, and the U.S. statement makes clear: later on the people of France in a free and untrammelled manner will proceed in due course to select their own government and their own officials to administer it.

Russia also has officially recognised the Committee.

JOHN HILTON

The lift-man in the flats said, "He's a great loss, that Professor Hilton. He helped me."

Thousands of people in Britain have been saying much the same of John Hilton, the mill-boy from Lancashire, son of a Bolton postman, who became a Cambridge professor and one of the finest broadcasters the B.B.C. has known.

John Hilton's chief art was that of kindness. It was because of his essential goodness that he was able to reduce the most complicated problems of daily life down to simplicity. For ten years that comforting Lancashire voice has come on the air with shrewd advice on all manner of subjects. John Hilton's death at 62 is a grievous loss.

School & Church

The holidays-at-home lectures in Westminster Abbey was a happy inspiration, and the lecture on the link between that shrine and its neighbour school proved one of the most interesting.

It was given by Mr. J. T. Christie, headmaster of Westminster School, who not only traced back this "most historical school in England" to its monastic foundation in 1339, but called the roll of the illustrious pupils, including two Premiers.

Mr. Christie called attention with regret to the fact that the two-way traffic from Church to school and from school to Church had notably diminished today, implying that great teachers were not also great servants of the Church as formerly.

While today, he said, everyone believed in education, by no means everyone believed in the power of religion and its claim to be a basis of true life. But for those who believed in both it was a plain duty to strengthen the bond between all that was most thoughtful and alive in the Church and all that was most responsive and expectant in the schools.

Little News Reels

ACCORDING to Mr Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, there are now 2,500,000 married women working in British industry.

New identity cards in France must not only carry a portrait but also finger-prints of the holder.

There are 4000 centenarians in the United States.

For the first time in Polish history a woman legislator, Mrs Sophie Zaleska, has submitted a budget for the armed forces.

More than 1500 women are helping to build and repair L.M.S. locomotives.

Canada's wheat acreage this year for the three Prairie Provinces, 16,729,000, is the smallest since 1918. It is 4,000,000 acres below the 1942 figure, but this is more than made up by increased acreages for oats, barley, and flaxseed.

FROM St John's, Newfoundland, to Victoria in British Columbia, 3911 miles, Canada's transcontinental air service is now the longest continuous air line in North America.

Over 50,000 operational sorties have been made by South African airmen during the war.

Because there are now so many escort aircraft carriers available Hurricanes are no longer being catapulted from merchant ships.

Britain's total naval losses in the Sicilian campaign were three motor torpedo-boats, two submarines, and one motor gunboat.

Youth News Reel

ONE of the unique war jobs of Scouts in India, is the reading of letters from Indian soldiers to relatives and friends in their home villages.

The Guide Silver Cross has been awarded to Ranger Betty Norcop, 5th Staffordshire Lone Rangers, and now of the A.T.S., for her bravery and coolness in maintaining Army communications after 26 comrades had been killed in an air raid.

£330 was raised by Scouts of Waltham Abbey in aid of their local Prisoners of War Fund.

The Boys Brigade Cross for Heroism has been awarded to Sergeant Daniel Berry of the 59th Edinburgh Company for rescuing two children who had fallen into the swiftly-flowing River Esk at Musselburgh.

Over 9½ million people in Great Britain and Northern Ireland now hold wireless licences.

Nearly 100 kinds of flowering plants and ferns have sprung up in blitzed areas in Britain.

Twenty-two Curtiss Warhawks have flown from Midway Island to Honolulu, 1300 miles, in six and a half hours, about twice the ordinary range of single-engined fighters.

Nearly 15,000 wounded and sick men were flown by air from the Sicilian battlefronts to hospitals in Egypt and North Africa.

Americans living in several of the eastern States are being rationed for coal.

A correspondent has received a letter from a friend who does not believe in wasting paper, for he wrote on the back of sheets torn from a book of company reports dated 1869.

Players of the game of bowls in this country have raised £27,000 for the Red Cross Fund.

NORMAN DYSON, of Huddersfield, has been appointed organist of Almondbury Parish Church, where his father is choirmaster; Norman has been assisting as a church organist since he was nine.

The British Legion at Bishop's Stortford, Herts, propose that if a memorial to the fallen is to be erected after the war it shall take the form of cottages for disabled men and women of the Forces and widows of ex-Service men.

Bell-ringing in their local church is the latest good turn of 67th Hackney (London) Scout Troop, the clergy being unable to find others for the work when the ban was lifted.

Patrol Leader Edna Knowles dived fully-clothed into the Manchester Ship Canal and rescued a drowning friend; Edna receives the Guide Gilt Cross.

Although lying almost motionless on a spinal frame, 13-year old Scout Leslie Caley has raised money for the Aid to China Fund by selling articles he has made himself.

To mark the Boys Brigade Jubilee the 23rd Leeds Company presented to Kirkstall Congregational Church a reading desk and pulpit cover and a cheque for £50.

Training For Safety First

LONDONERS are now visiting a Safety Training Exhibition which has free film shows, lectures, and demonstrations as well as free admission.

The Ministry of War Transport and other Government departments are supporting the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents in this valuable exhibition, which is being held at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, until September 17. It is open daily until 7 p.m.

Though road accidents and their prevention form the main feature, there are striking references to accidents in the home and factory, on the railway, and in the air.

It is not sufficiently realised that accidents of all kinds now cost this country 20,000 lives a year. The Society's new film, Our Responsibility, illustrating par-

ticular child dangers on the roads and how adults can safeguard their children from them, is being shown at 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. and every parent and teacher should see it.

The C.N. hopes that this excellent show will tour the provincial towns and will continue to do so until the wicked waste of children's lives on our roads is definitely checked.

THINGS SEEN

A puffball 30 inches round growing in a Catford garden.

A skein of white artificial silk made from stinging nettles on show in the Royal Horticultural Hall, London.

Nearly twenty peacock butterflies hovering round teasel plants in a sunny clearing of a Kent wood.

New Kinds of Ploughs

THE modern practice of laying electric cables underground has led to the invention of some surprising machines which dig the ground and set the cable in the trench with great speed.

One of the most recent types of cable-laying plough will cut a slot or trench three feet deep and lay a heavy cable or a bunch of electric wires at the rate of ten yards a minute. A mile of underground cable can thus be laid in about three hours.

Although this plough is the "last word" in electric cable

laying, it is interesting to note that 90 years ago a cable-laying plough was sent out to the Crimea for laying underground telegraph wires; it was made by an English electric firm.

Another plough, this time for sowing seeds, has formed the subject of a recent British invention, ploughing a furrow, scattering the seeds with mathematical precision, and putting back the earth at a speed hitherto thought impossible. It is another valuable help to increase our food supplies.

100 MILLION VOLTS

The General Electric Laboratories at Schenectady have been experimenting with powerful X-ray machines, and have succeeded after years of study in producing rays of 100,000,000 volts. That is a hundred times more powerful than the largest industrial ray in use today, and is the highest X-ray voltage ever attained.

The production of these record-breaking rays indicated the discovery of a character of electron radiation differing from that produced by the machines with which Science is familiar.

The Airman's Friend

THOSE who have studied insect life in the warmer parts of Europe are aware that scorpions, of which the Continent has over a dozen species, add spiders to their insect diet. The men of our bomber and fighter crews in North Africa, who are tormented by countless scorpions lurking in their dumps and bedding, have made the joyful discovery that a big yellow African spider eats scorpions. They have gratefully named it the Airman's Friend.

What a strange sequence of life-and-death events we have here. A scorpion eats a small

spider; a big spider eats the scorpion, and then in turn forms part of the meal of a lizard or an insect-eating bird. Apart from such enemies as these the spider has the last word, even though tropical scorpions measure as much as six inches. All spiders, like all the scorpions, are poison-bearers; both kill by injecting venom into their prey.

The bird-catching spider of South America, a huge, short-legged, hairy creature, snaring birds in webs of great strength, kills its victim with poison which is fatal in a few minutes.

UPS-A-DAISY

Wars bring forth strange craft and strange machines, but an American device used in the training of its soldiers is strange even by war standards.

Known familiarly as the Ups-a-Daisy, it is an electric see-saw with a hooded compartment at each end designed to accommodate a soldier destined for overseas and accustom him to the pitching and tossing and rolling of the various crafts he may have to travel in. The soldiers lie down in turn under the hoods and then the operator presses a button to set the see-saw rocking and rolling.

On a fairground Ups-a-Daisy would be a great attraction; on a parade-ground it is doubtless viewed with mixed feelings. It doesn't abolish seasickness—it just anticipates it—and even soldiers watching its motions have been known to call the sergeant "steward."

STILL FEWER UNEMPLOYED

The July count of unemployed showed that the number had fallen by 30,307 as compared with July last year. It was 5649 less than in June.

The total unemployed for Great Britain this July was only 1,129, of whom men and boys numbered 48,521 and women and girls 12,608.

FLYING PIONEER

Mrs Maurice Hewlett, widow of the well-known novelist, who has just passed away at the age of 82 at Tauranga, New Zealand, is spoken of as the only woman who taught her son to fly. He is Group Captain F. E. T. Hewlett, DSO, OBE, and, when he learned to fly in 1911, was a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

Mrs Hewlett, at seventy, flew from Croydon to Batavia, Java. During the last war she owned an aircraft factory. She took her first flight in a Farman biplane at Brooklands in 1910, and was one of the first women to pilot her own aeroplane.

Walt Disney to the Rescue

WALT DISNEY, whose Mickey Mouse films made him famous, now aims at educating American illiterates by producing special films for the purpose. It is stated that he is working with State Department officials in the matter and has done a good deal of work in the last six months.

Disney himself is responsible for the extraordinary statement that there are 15,000,000 Americans who are unable to read a newspaper, and 3,000,000 who cannot sign their names. It is not stated how many Negroes are included in these figures. No doubt a great deal could be done by entertaining films to reduce

Alcohol and the BBC

To what extent do jokes about drinking help to spread the growth of drinking?

The Independent Order of Rechabites, the well-known temperance society, is strongly of the opinion that the BBC programmes rely too much upon this low form of humour, and have agreed upon a motion "protesting against the extent to which the drink habit is advertised and afforded encouragement and approbation in BBC programmes." The Order, which has about a million members, holds that the constant repetition of "humorous" references to drink is helping to spread drunkenness among the young.

No doubt the BBC will take notice of this protest.

METAL WORKERS

The biggest metal trade union at present is the Amalgamated Engineering Union. It is now proposed to amalgamate this society with the Electrical Trades Union, the Foundry Workers Union and some 15 other societies in the metal trades.

If successful the proposal would bring together over 2,000,000 workers, and encourage women to become trade unionists.

CEMA Sends Shakespeare to the Workers

Royal Ordnance factories and munition workers' hostels in many parts of the country are now to have the opportunity of enjoying Shakespeare. The Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, CEMA, is sending out its first Shakespeare company to entertain these important audiences.

Many of these factories, especially the new ones, have excellent theatres, for the greatest possible attention has been given of late by the Government to ensure the happiness of the millions who now live beside their war work. Yet the standard of entertainment has not always been as good as the general amenities, and thousands of men and women are longing for something better than the programme of "light entertainment" which they have been receiving. Not all of them may be Shakespearians, but a surprising demand exists for a chance to see how they do like him.

We think their appetite will grow with their first taste.

The Will and the Mill

Giving details of the search for a lost will in the premises of the "Old Mill," an historic landmark in Auckland, New Zealand, a witness declared that the late owner had assured him he had safe hiding-places on the premises for the will, and when witness searched he found brick and concrete crannies that obviously had been hiding-places, for there were many fragments of papers, and also rat nests containing chewed-up papers. He found one such place in a hollow under one of the milling machines. "Did he operate the mill?" asked the Judge.

"Yes," replied the witness, "he made wholemeal."

"That raises the horrible suggestion," commented his Honour, "that the will might have gone into the mill and got into the bread."

An Oft-threatened Masterpiece

OUR airmen are always instructed to avoid bombing historic monuments, and it is good news that Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the Last Supper, painted on a wall of a monastery refectory at Milan, has escaped new damage.

Never was a picture that has survived over four centuries submitted to greater successive dangers than this.

Leonardo's sublime conception of the Last Supper was dashed off in oils on a wall of which the

THE BOUNTIFUL BAWBEE

English visitors whom matters of moment recently called to Scotland have returned marvelling. Of course they were enraptured by the magnificent scenery to which they had access. They were delighted by the friendly cordiality of the people whom they met as strangers and left as friends. They admired the cleanliness of the homes, they marvelled at the immensity of the industries at which they had a series of peeps.

But it was none of these that most impressed and astonished them. The fact that lingers foremost in the minds of these southern English people is that the bawbee, as the Scotch call the halfpenny, is still a power beyond the Tweed. For this coin a journey can be made by tram, with bumping measure of distance in return for the modest payment.

plaster was not yet dry, with the result that it was faded and flaking before its creator was yet old. The monks so little appreciated its astounding merit that they cut a doorway through the painting; and French invaders turned the chamber into a stable.

Many attempts, the latest in 1924, have been made to preserve the masterpiece, but we gain our knowledge of the original from copies of reproductions made when the work was new and little spoiled.



A Wren on Harbour Ferry Duty Brings Her Craft Alongside the Quay

The EDITOR'S TABLE

SEEING IS BELIEVING

It is good to read of the recent visit of the Archbishop of York to Rosington Main Colliery, near Doncaster. He did the thing properly, wearing a boiler suit over his clerical attire, travelling on the pit railway, and walking to the coal face.

We think it would be an excellent thing if every child over 14 were conducted round a mine at work. As the Archbishop says: "It is very difficult for those not living in mining areas to realise what grand work the miners are doing and under what conditions they labour."

New Cars of Peace

It is stated by Sir Miles Thomas, who is Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Organisation, that it is hoped that British car manufacturers will be able to resume production at full speed as soon as peace comes, but the industry must, of course, fall in with whatever decisions as to priority are made by the Government.

The speed with which the motor-car industry adapted itself to the production of war weapons was nothing short of dramatic, and we hope that the reverse process will be as rapid. For it will provide immediate work, the trade having employed before the war, directly and indirectly, 1,300,000 persons.

We Band of Brothers

"If anyone asks you where you fought, just say you fought with the Eighth Army. You need not say any more."

This was the counsel given by General Montgomery to some of his wounded men as they were returning home. The words were spoken with pride, for never was a general more proud of his soldiers; but they were also spoken in simple truth. They may have fought at El Alamein, at Tobruk, Derna, Benghazi, Tripoli, Tunis, or Catania—it matters not. To have served with the Eighth is sufficient unto itself, a warrant of undying valour and a passport to the world's eternal gratitude.

Today's Assurance to Yesterday

MANY serious men and women in Britain today are wondering what is going to happen to them and their country in the years which are lying immediately ahead. They have a feeling that the England they knew, the only England they have known, has already ceased to exist. The tempo and tendency of these days is too fast and too fierce for them to control. There is a tremor of fear in their hearts because some of them are not quite sure of the calibre of those men and women who are coming forward to take their place.

Perhaps it is reasonable that they should feel like this, for the treasures of their body, mind, and soul are invested in this island. They would like to feel assured, not that things will not change—they know that they are bound to change—but that whatever changes there are will not ride roughshod over those sacred things which have always sweetened and strengthened our national life.

OUR Youth, who are the custodians of the future, can allay those fears, by giving an articulate assurance which is their own sane and sincere response to the rousing reveille now sounding. There is a freshness—like a spring morning—tangling the thoughts and feelings of all healthy young Britons today. They are confident, and so also are most of us, that they are not too tender to face and greet the future. On the contrary, as they step out into the morning air of this new day of Britain there is a buoyancy about them which shows they are not afraid to face facts, nor unequal to the challenge to fashion better things. They know they are charged with a commission which is not easy of accomplishment; they know, too, that it cannot be shirked. Above all they realise that by the way they acquit themselves now so will they be remembered as illustrious or infamous.

THERE is a background to their life which is too precious to be turned into a playground.

They are being relied upon to give in an atmosphere of freedom a finer quality of service to their Motherland than that which forced labour is producing in some Fatherlands. The freedom which is ours fastens upon us some honourable obligations. It is not a freedom to do as we like, but to choose whatever is of constructive worth. Perhaps we might make that clearer to ourselves.

We are not bound to maintain existing institutions, but it is part of our code of honour not to destroy what has so far served well, until such times as we are sincerely satisfied that we have hammered out something better.

THERE are some loyalties which require stressing. They are loyalties not to party, but to principle; not to organisations, but to original ideals. We feel we have a kinship with our fellows, our family, and with the family of God. These belong to the unalterable and unshakable foundations of real life. There are many in the community of youth today who are alive and alert to all this.

There is a glorious job of work to be done, and in the hands of Youth the future of our country can safely rest.

Younger Magistrates for Juvenile Courts

THE Juvenile Courts are so important today that the Magistrates' Association has been inquiring whether the magistrates who sit in these courts are sufficiently acquainted with the best methods of dealing with young offenders, especially in the treatment of first offenders.

The Association suggests that justices elected for the first time to a Juvenile Court should be under 60, and cease to sit in them at 70.

The Leicester City Justices have promptly passed a resolution making these ages 55 and 65.

The C.N. agrees with this proposal and with the Association's desire for the appointment of men and women whose experience in social work makes them most likely to be able to deal wisely and sympathetically with young offenders who have made unfortunate starts in life.

The bench would undoubtedly be strengthened, we think, by the inclusion of men and women who have children of their own of school age.

WORTH LESS

THE Persian Government offer a reward of £1750 to any person who apprehends any German found living in Persia without permission.

It seems a lot of money to pay for a Nazi.

JUST AN IDEA

To think what everybody says is to be a Philistine; to say what everybody thinks is to be a genius.



Relaxation

As a change from their mechanical transport these men of a British regiment in Egypt took to camels when visiting the Sphinx and the Pyramids

A LAND OF PROMISE

A FUTURE Garden of Eden is on the banks of the Khabur river in north-eastern Syria. So visitors from Iraq declare, when they see the land where the League of Nations has established 32 villages for Assyrian colonists from Iraq.

Members of the Jerusalem and East Mission have been surveying the land with the idea of starting a school there to provide elementary and farming education for the colonists. Canon Bridgeman reports that the rich alluvial plains were baked to brick-like consistency by the sun in the midst of summer, but, he says, there is water available, and where it has been brought on to the land the harvests are truly magnificent. I have never eaten grapes of such quality or variety as from the irrigated gardens planted only five years ago. Apples, peaches, apricots, and other small fruits flourish; vegetables are usually good. To see the banks of the river dotted for 25 miles with trees and gardens where seven years ago was unshaded, sun-parched prairie, was worth the long, weary days of travel.

He adds that some people have been causing difficulties by suggesting to the Assyrians that they are there only temporarily. These people, readers of the C.N. will recall, have been uprooted and moved on time and time again, so that they have become unsettled in their minds and easily discouraged. Canon Bridgeman thinks that their present habitation is really suitable for a permanent home provided they grasp opportunities which others would give anything to have, and so he is anxious to get his school started as soon as possible and to prepare now to stay the demoralisation which every war brings. The rising generation must be taught irrigated farming, enough French to enable them to talk and correspond with government officials, and Arabic, the language of the district.

The American Episcopal Church has provided funds which should last the school for two years. Any help English friends like to give would be welcomed by the Jerusalem and East Mission office at 12, Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

Hans Andersen's City in Trouble

LOVERS of Hans Andersen have been grieved by the news of bloodshed in his native Odense, the capital of Funen, that charming green island off Denmark's mainland. Odense was prominent in the upheaval leading to the proclamation of martial law in Denmark.

Such a white, neat, spotless, gleaming little town is this third city of the Danes, most prosperous and happy until the Germans came. The whole export of Danish eggs, of which we in Britain took so many millions, came through Odense, so strangely named the "city of Odin," since Odin was the heathen god of war, and in Odense peace shone forth from every stock and stone.

To the world outside, however, a quaint little red-roofed house is the real soul of Odense, the soul

indeed of Denmark. Here the poet of childhood fancy was born in 1805, and here on the white doorstep the tow-headed children used to play in the good days of peace, making way for the visitor from abroad, but resuming their seats at once, as though it was their home, and not a museum and a shrine. The shade of Hans Christian Andersen, looking down upon their laughing faces, must have been glad that it was so. For here he played as a child, and here, in the little rooms upstairs, are his own toys and the figures and pictures he used to cut out of paper, every one treasured with loving care by the townsfolk to whom he brought his wonder, his fame, his immortality.

But for what has now befallen Odense, and Denmark, the shade of Andersen must be grieving bitterly at this moment.

Under the Editor's Table

A COMPOSER has written a piece of music on a river. A flowing melody.

TELEGRAPH poles are made from trees. This explains trunk calls.

A MAN who quarrelled with his dentist about the extraction of a tooth said he wanted to have it out with him.

THE lady who means to make her clothing coupons go as far as possible will have to shop by post.

WATCH your health, says a doctor. But he does not tell us how to see it.

THE nose is said to be an indication of character. A good tip.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If farm hands need boots

PRODUCTS somewhat akin to ice cream are being made. Before the war they were called ice cream.

THE Nazis think they have discovered our secret weapon. They will not do that until it discovers them.

THE ORGAN MAN FROM CLARION

Henry Ford Dances

ALL the world today hears music from America, and the names of American singers, composers, and band-leaders are universally known. But all too little do we hear of the men behind the music—the men who make the instruments and thus make the music possible. One of the greatest of these “music-makers” is Ernest W. Skinner, for in thousands of American churches and halls the organ is “Skinner built.”

A native of Clarion, Pennsylvania, Ernest Skinner, was only a boy of 10 when he discovered the absorbing passion of his life. His father took him to church, and he saw his first pipe organ. It was a clumsy instrument operated by hand-blown bellows, but to the boy it was a fascinating thing. He was fired with ambition to build an organ.

He selected pieces of wood from his father's stock and worked away with occasional help from the town carpenter and blacksmith until he had a fairly good idea of organ construction. When proudly installed as bellows boy for the Baptist Church, of Taunton, Massachusetts, he was able to do his first professional organ repair job, mending the leaking bellows.

At 18, ready to earn his own living, it was a foregone conclusion that he would find a job in an organ factory.

He worked steadily on mechanical improvements and developments, and, little by little, with the aid of 20 or more inventions, the organ was transformed at his hands from an instrument which, he said, “required an athlete to play it,” to one with an action as easy and responsive as a piano.

Aided in the mechanical work by a perfect ear, he has been successful in constructing pipes and reeds that have given to the modern organ the varied tonal quality of many orchestral in-

struments—the oboe, the English horn, the bassoon, the flute, the harp, the powerful gamba celeste, which is like a full cello section multiplied many times in volume—all these and many others Mr Skinner has given to the organ.

Mr Skinner built the organ of the Cathedral of St John the Divine, in New York City, with its four manuals and 7000 pipes in 1906, his greatest achievement at that time, but he has since constructed the organ in the National Cathedral in Washington, which some critics consider his masterpiece.

In installing organs in all parts of the United States, Ernest Skinner has come in contact with many well-known people. He was building an organ in the Edison Museum in Henry Ford's Greenfield Village, and Mr Ford often dropped in to observe the work. One day the car manufacturer, like old King Cole, “called for his fiddlers three,” and invited Mr Skinner to suggest an old-fashioned dance tune. Mr Skinner said he liked “Turkey in the Straw,” whereupon Mr Ford rose and gracefully executed the figures and invited Mr Skinner to do likewise. The second number was “Money Musk,” Henry Ford leading off and Mr Skinner following suit, to their mutual entertainment.

Thus do busy men find relaxation and pleasure in the simple things of life.

What to Do in China

American soldiers due for service in China have been very carefully instructed about their conduct when in the land of our great Ally. A special guide book issued to the men says:

If we treat the Chinese as we treat any of our Allies, as human beings on an equality with ourselves, we stop the Japs' insinuations dead.

Don't sneer at the lack of sanitation you will find in Chinese towns. The people are desperately poor and have suffered terribly in this war.

Never slap a Chinese on the back; they don't like it a bit.

The “face” about which you hear so much means only self-respect. As for “squeeze,” that is a custom of the country, and when the “boy” who renders you

a real service adds 5 or 10 per cent to the cost, you still are getting your money's worth.

Remember that in China the attitude towards women is different from ours in America.

The guide also offers advice on how to spot a Japanese who may try to pose as Chinese:

The Jap will be short, squat, with almost no waistline; his skin lemon-yellow, his whiskers fairly heavy, his eyes slanted toward his nose. There will usually be a wide, calloused space between his first and second toes where a thong ran to bind his sandals before he began to wear army shoes. He can't pronounce our liquid “L” and hisses on any “S” sound, so try him on “Lalapalooza.” And never neglect to search a Jap prisoner.

LESSONS IN ENGLISH

THE BBC have started a series of five-minute lessons in English for listeners on the Continent. They are broadcast in English, not a word of any other language being spoken.

It is estimated that there are about five million people in Europe with sufficient knowledge of English to understand a news-bulletin, and the main purpose of these broadcasts is to increase those listeners' knowledge. But it

is also hoped to teach others our language.

The two subjects for each broadcast are: How Good is Your English? and What's the News? The first is devoted to making colloquial and idiomatic English as clear as possible, with the help of simple phrases as examples. The second defines what is meant by words and phrases in the broadcasts, rendering succeeding ones easier to understand.

CARRY ON

All is Relative

“O SECOND, for a moment you remain,
And then you are for ever gone again;
Your life is nothing but a fleeting breath,”
The minute said, “between your birth and death.”
“Poor minute! you will also soon be dead,
Your life is less than mine,” the hour then said.
“Poor fleeting hour,” exclaimed the mighty year,
“A moment here and then you disappear.”
“How quickly go the years across the stage,
“I live for centuries,” exclaimed the age.
“And all the ages of the past to me,
Are only moments,” said eternity.
E. Oxburgh

FAITH

THE faith of a man who has seen a violet grow will not break down at the thought of something he cannot understand. We could not live an hour, the world could not exist a day, without the things that no man knows.

You need think no farther than yourself—your voice, your sight, your hearing, the something in you that gives you pause when you do wrong; the love you feel for another, the power that comes to you when you need it most—to realise how life depends on things we do not know. Something there is in this machine of ours that is beyond all thinking—it is the temple of the purposes of God, the conscious instrument God has set up within us to do His will. Arthur Mee

The Magic of Words

How many words in all the world there be,
Each insignificant and very small,
Regarded by itself; of low degree,
Devoid of power to conquer or enthrall!

And yet a single human mind can choose

A group of words from out that vast array
Which make a monarch crown and country lose
And mighty empires with their thunder sway.

The poet, by his mystic art, can take

Those words which link both sense and sound to sight;
Such magic doth the slumbering soul awake

To glimpse the radiance of eternal light.

O for the power to make a wondrous choice

That would the length and breadth of earth rejoice!

David Effaye

THE TWO CUPS

It is only those who have drunk deep of the cup of joy, who can drink deep of the cup of sorrow.

Robert Hichens

A Day in Dovedale

Mr F. A. Holmes of Buxton is one of the best friends of the English countryside and a doughty champion of the preservation of his beloved Dovedale; and we count it a privilege to print these eloquent words of his, on a day in the country.

THE morning opened misty and with spots of rain, but I started off just after seven a.m. knowing the day would break out in the later hours and visualising an afternoon of brilliant warm sunshine. I was not disappointed.

The hedges with their full greenery, the grass more green still, and the trees budding so prematurely they will quickly be in full leaf. The birds everywhere—starlings, robins, chaffinches without number with their many coloured plumage, the kingfisher with its rainbow splendour darts upstream, the blackbirds are tossing for partners, the cuckoo is yet unheard, and the active blue tits seem investigating each budding leaf for food (they are the most restless of birds). There are dippers galore diving for food as they are accustomed to in the Dove and the Manifold, and now I have let the secret out. I was at the Staffordshire village of Ilam (on the borders of Derbyshire—England's unrivalled scenic County) amid all the magic of an enchanted land. So here we are in the heart of the Country's future National Park surrounded by a perfect tempest

of wild flowers growing everywhere, leaving no cranny or nook unbedecked. The butterbur is gaining height and soon will swamp the banks of Izaak Walton's and Charles Cotton's favourite stream. Primroses, wood anemones, wood sorrel, wild parsley with an abundance and strength unmatched, the bluebells are just showing their tiny heads greeting the sun and a week or two later will be smothering the Dovedale woods and the magic riverside with a glory that no country in the world can excel. The first forget-me-nots by the Dove were just peeping—rather shyly—and later they will bedeck the Dove's silent banks with a profusion that will satisfy apparently all England. Nature is so profuse in these valleys.

Happy England that our men are fighting for, with vales so pleasing and rivers so full of trout and fields so green. Walk just beyond the National Trust property—and think all this hereabouts is England, it belongs to England through the National Trust, it is yours, it is your heritage.

What Might Be Done

WHAT might be done if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother!
Would they unite in love and right,
And cease the scorn of one another?
All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn to each man born
Be free as warmth in summer.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect in self-respect,
And share the teeming world tomorrow.
What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue e'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.
Charles Mackay

How to Meet Life

NEVER let life knock you down.
Meet it fair and square, and if it hits you hard, give to it like a tense spring—and spring back.

Wilfrid Ewart

THESE THREE

THE way of a great man is threefold; virtuous, he is free from anxieties; wise, he is free from perplexities; bold, he is free from fear.

Confucius



THIS ENGLAND Harvesting oats at Lupton Mill, Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmorland

At the Gateway to the Adriatic

IF in the near future, as is likely, the British Forces occupy Corfu, our men will be amid familiar surroundings. The capital of this Greek island facing the heel of Italy has many fine buildings put up by us over a century ago, and some excellent roads laid by us when we were in occupation, from the fall of Napoleon until 1863.

The Ionian Islands became a British Protectorate in 1815. Corfu Island is the largest, and Corfu town is the only town of any size. Here we made great material improvements, and the handsome buildings fronting the charming little port, together with the fine road running out to the picturesque inlet of Pontikonissi, are evidence of our paternal care. But sad to say the people of the islands did not appreciate the benefits of British rule, and finally got their way and were incorporated in the young Kingdom of Greece when George the First went there from Denmark.

Corfu has been Greek ever since that time, though the people speak a queer language to visitors, in which a sentence is liable to begin in Greek and finish in Italian. For example, some impudent little street arab begging for coppers will run up crying: "Thos mou theka lephtha, piacere, nobilissime signore." otherwise, "Please give me a penny, honoured gentleman."

Pontikonissi, one of the sights of the place, is a tiny wooded islet set in a calm and sheltered gulf, on the far side of which one may discern, high up on the forest-covered mountainside, the imitation Ancient Greek palace which the late Kaiser built for a summer home, and called the Achilleion. But on the islet, half hidden by dark and pointed

cypresses, is a famous and historical monastery as beautiful as the Achilleion is ugly.

Facing the island of Corfu, across a narrow strip of water, the colossal mountains of Albania soar 12,000 feet into the clouds, picturesque beyond belief, but barren and lonely. Yet in these very mountains there are patriots looking down upon the Italian invader, who will soon be departing for ever.

Corfu has a heavy score to settle with Italy, for it was here that Mussolini made one of his most cowardly attacks upon an inoffensive people, when shortly after his rise to power his inglorious Navy, which has not dared to face our own ships, bombarded the pretty town on some trumped-up excuse. It will not be long before the British Navy sails into the harbour of Corfu, and there sets up its watch on the Adriatic. When that day comes the liberation of Albania and Greece and the rest of the Balkans will not be far away.

INGENIOUS DISPLAY

An ingenious device used by the Otago Museum Education Service at the Winter Show in New Zealand tested public knowledge of common varieties of native flowers. A plug was below the picture of a flower and other plugs below some names. If the right name was chosen by the operator, a red light flashed the "correct" signal.

LIMITED INSTINCT?

A CN observer of Nature tells us that he has been impressed again this year by a commonplace wonder on which he has never seen a comment in print. Why do not birds retrieve objects that they let fall?

Scores of times, he says, he has found food in his garden that has been dropped by birds which have made their collection in gardens adjoining. Never does the gleaner return to recover the thing that has fallen from its beak, even though nestlings are at home awaiting the meal thus allowed to let slip.

The most remarkable example of this was the conduct of a brown owl whose address he knew. Its home was in the hollow of an oak in a little country wood, the open fields around being alive with wild rabbits. In the gloaming of a summer evening the owl caught and killed a young rabbit, then, swooping up the hillside, was making across a wooded garden when some sound or sight startled it. In a flash the dead rabbit was let fall by the owl. It fell on top of a six-foot shrub, exposed to view from all quarters and levels. Yet the owl did not attempt to seize it again. Nor did jays, rooks, or other carnivorous birds seek to make a meal of it.

The rabbit was allowed by the watcher to remain in its place until the morning following had run into afternoon, but it was unsought and untouched throughout those many hours. What flesh-eating animal would miss such a chance to feast? But this seems to be the way of birds; they are marvellously ingenious and intrepid in search of food, but let it once fall from their grasp and they leave it for good. A case of limited instinct, shall we say?

Upholding the Law in Liechtenstein

WITH the announcement that our own admirable police force is to be reduced by military call-up comes news that the Principality of Liechtenstein is to increase its police force; but the circumstances are not related.

Liechtenstein is a geographical curiosity of Europe, a 60-square-mile slice of Alpine pastureland east of the Rhine, sandwiched between the old Austria and Switzerland. Though its people are German in origin, and speak German, it is ruled over by an hereditary prince and is politically independent. It seems to have been overlooked in Hitler's territorial claims, and has remained unscathed since his patience was exhausted.

Nevertheless, as the war grows near its climax, Liechtenstein fears that a rush of refugees may prove a menace to its law and order, and as it has no army the Government have decided that their 12 policemen must have more help. Accordingly, their number is to be increased to 50; the arm of the law in Liechtenstein is to be more than four times as long.

Let us trust that Liechtenstein's fears will prove groundless, and that among the placid people of this tranquil little land 50 gallant upholders of the law will find that a policeman's lot is sometimes a happy one.

A Model School

OUR educational system, although under the general charge of the Board of Education, is controlled in detail by the Local Authorities who have very wide powers. Educational development, therefore, differs throughout the country.

Some of the reforms which the Government now presses upon Parliament, and which have recently been described in the CN, have been already accomplished by authorities taking a liberal view of their responsibilities to the rising generation.

An interesting example of such voluntary educational advance is to be found in Kent, where the North Ashford Central School, occupying splendid buildings which cost £50,000, built on a fine site of 27 acres, shows how much

several acres, and the care of livestock is studied, visits being made to neighbouring farms in school hours.

The school courses are very varied, ranging from rural science to household management, biology to music, and the growth of schools clubs has been encouraged; they include the Young Farmers, Model Railway, Photography, Sports, and Drama Clubs.

Every opportunity is taken to connect familiar school subjects



Boys lunching in the school dining hall, served by fellow pupils

can be done even without further legislation. This school, together with a similar one at South Ashford, takes all the elementary schoolchildren aged 11 years and over from the elementary schools in Ashford and a wide area of the neighbouring countryside.

The school, 800 strong, has a big assembly hall, equipped with stage, curtains, scenery, and stage lighting; there are also a library, science laboratory, geography room, and art room, and separate rooms for craftwork.

The aim is to impart a good general education, enriched by drawing freely upon the riches of the countryside. The children cultivate a school garden of

with practical work: mathematics and geometry linking themselves with lessons in woodwork and metal work. The lessons in English link themselves with oral expression and the study of drama. An efficient orchestra of 20 performers has been organised; it leads the hymns at the daily religious service with the aid of a school choir of 40.

So we see a model school of the future developing before our eyes, educating "not for examinations but for life," as its headmaster says. Soon, we trust, such institutions will be working in all districts, under the Board of Education, liberally subsidised by the Treasury.

OLD JIM CARRIES ON

I MET Jim on the beach of a delightful fishing village nestling in a sheltered cove on the North Cornish coast, writes a CN correspondent.

Blue-jerseyed Jim is a littlish man, friendly and likeable, 68 years old. He has been a seafarer all his life, and still goes a-fishing, but for years he has barely eked out a living.

Two years ago he decided to do something "extra." Coast-watchers were urgently wanted, and so he signed on, scorning the idea that he was "on the shelf." "A man is as old as he feels," said he.

Every week, in all winds and weathers, Jim loyally tramped miles to his lonely, isolated post, patrolled the cliff-tops, investigated anything of a suspicious nature, and was ever ready for an emergency.

He stuck it and never failed. "Why don't you ride a bi-

cycle?" suggested one of his mates the other day.

"Nonsense!" Jim replied. "Never rode a bicycle in my life!"

Jim's son (he is in the Army now) heard of it and thought it a splendid idea. So he bought a brand-new cycle. "Here, Dad," said he, "just try this one."

"Well, I suppose one is never too old to learn," said Jim, taking the machine, and, in his independence, waving aside the offer of a few lessons. "I'll teach myself, thank you."

"Of course, I had two or three spills," Jim told our correspondent, "and got a nasty cut over the eye, but once I was able to balance myself I felt quite at home. Took me a fortnight to learn!"

Now, at nightfall, Fisherman Jim dons his coastguard battle-dress, arms himself with his Sten gun, and pedals off to his lofty look-out just like an old stager.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Wolf and the Kid

A WOLF one day saw a kid that had strolled into a distant field, and pursued it. The kid ran away as fast as it could, but, finding that the wolf was overtaking it, and that it had no chance to escape, it turned and said:

"I see that it is of no use to run away, and that I am going to be eaten. But I would like to die as pleasantly as possible, so please play me a tune, and let me have a dance before you kill me."

The wolf played a tune on the pipes, and the kid danced merrily up and down the field. The result was that the noise of the pipes attracted the dogs from the farm near by, which rushed up and drove the wolf away.

As he escaped into the forest he said: "This comes of meddling with things that do not concern me. My business was to play the butcher, not the piper!"

Never meddle with things that do not concern you.

THE MONTHS

THIRTY days hath September, April, June, and November. All the rest have thirty-one, Excepting February alone, Which has but twenty-eight days clear And twenty-nine in each leap year.



JUNIOR LAND ARMY

A Riddle

WHAT is that which everyone wishes to have yet tries to get rid of? *amaddu poob v*

PRAYER

OUR loving Father, thank You for another day, and for all that has been good and happy in it. Forgive me where I have thought or said or done what was wrong. Strengthen and cheer our soldiers, sailors, and airmen, and all who work hard to provide our food and warmth and clothing. Comfort those who are sad or ill. Help the missionaries in other lands as they preach and teach, or heal the sick. Bless all whom I love. May all of us who live in this place grow into a happy family, loving and serving You and one another. Amen.

STEEL AFTER THE WAR

WHILE mechanical warfare engages the best efforts of industry steel is indeed a precious metal, and any nation which lacks steel can only bring itself to misery by attempting to wage war, as is sufficiently shown by the case of Italy. When peace comes steel ought to be at least as busy as in war, for modern industrial operations demand its employment in huge quantities, whether for transport by road, rail, sea, or air, or in any manufacturing industries using mechanical power.

In practice, however, we find that, owing to the inability to give adequate means to consumers, the call for steel in peace is so erratic that one of the noblest of industries is for long terms restricted to insignificant output, not nearly sufficient to satisfy the proper needs of mankind if those needs could find expression in purchasing power. Let us illustrate this by what actually occurred between the two World Wars.

Reduced Production

After 1929 all the great steel countries experienced acute depression. In the United States, the world's greatest steel producer, the monthly output of steel in 1929 was 4,703,000 tons, about six times that of the United Kingdom. At the end of 1929 a great trade depression began in America, and so rapid was its course that in 1932 the American monthly production of steel fell to only 1,091,000 tons. Similar falls occurred in Britain, Germany, and France. In these three years steel output in Britain fell from 803,000 tons to the absurdly small output of 438,000 tons per month; in Germany, from 1,332,000 tons to only 472,000 tons per month; in France, from 795,000 tons to 460,000 tons per month. These steel figures were matched by similar large-scale miseries in all other productive industries in every part of the world.

It is some comfort, in view of such facts, to learn of the appointment of Dr Cecil Desch, the metallurgist, to the Board of Directors of Messrs Richard Thomas and Company, to advise them on scientific steel research. Such steps, however, excellent as

they are, need to be accompanied by more than scientific application if the world is to bring to market successfully the great quantities of steel the world needs to make its work efficient and free from the threat of large scale under-consumption such as cursed the efforts of mankind after 1929.

As was so well said by Mr Sumner Welles, then American Assistant Secretary of State, on May 30, 1943:

The problems which will confront us when the years of the post-war period are reached is not primarily one of production. For the world can readily produce what mankind requires. The problem is rather one of distribution and purchasing power, of providing the mechanism whereby what the world produces may be fairly distributed among the nations of the world, and of providing the means whereby the people of the world may obtain the world's goods and services.

Distribution

What the world needs to reconcile Riches and Poverty is the solution not of the problem of production alone, but of the corresponding problem of distribution—distribution among those who create wealth of the means to consume wealth. We have to create not only excellent producers, but excellent consumers. This is now being admitted by those who in every country are appalled by the divorce between the means of production, which have become so great, and the means of consumption, which lag so far behind the powers of production.

Toscanini the Patriot

WITH the Fascist era ended, and the prospects of a nobler Italy emerging in the near future, the names of many of her chief exiles are again on men's lips. For it is hoped that some of them will return to aid their native land in her reconstruction. Among these is Arturo Toscanini, the world's greatest orchestral conductor who, though old in years, is in spirit and vigour the very embodiment of youth.

If Toscanini came back from America to join in the upbuilding of his country he would not be the first world-famous musician to do so. Ignace Paderewski became the first President of a free and independent Poland in modern times. Why should not Toscanini, who defied and laughed at Mussolini and his Blackshirts at the height of their power, who challenged every evil thing they did to the world, who consistently refused to play their party-song "Giovinezza," who said he would not degrade the lovely opera house of La Scala, in Milan, by lending his talent there to Fascist fanfares, why should this truly great Italian not serve Italy still when the tyrants are gone?

A Rebuff For Hitler

The Duce was always afraid of Toscanini. Only once did his thugs venture to lay hands on the fiery little genius, whose bristling white hair and moustache, flaming eyes, and taut and steely figure, challenged all the forces of tyranny enthroned.

Hitler himself courted Toscanini; the Austrian house-painter tried to get him to conduct the Nazified music festival at Salzburg. Instead, Toscanini, though not a Jew, went to Palestine for the delight of the people whom Hitler hated and tortured because they too loved freedom.

Italians might do worse than have Arturo Toscanini in their first real government of reconstruction.

GRASS-EATERS

A good garden lawn and a mower can splendidly solve ration difficulties. So declares Mr James R. B. Branson, an advocate of grass as food for humans, who will be 71 in November.

Speaking at Leeds the other day to a meeting of vegetarians, after a breakfast of clover and grass, he said, "I was a little doubtful about it owing to the smoky atmosphere, but it was really very good." He was considerate, however, of his weaker brethren, and advised all prospective grass-eaters to go slow at first by mixing young grass in salads and other dishes.

Mr Branson claims to have been on a grass diet for six years.

It would have been strange indeed if in times of strict rationing and official injunctions to save bread, we were not reminded by advocates of simple food that grass may be consumed by human beings, who have themselves fully appreciated that all flesh is grass. It would have been equally strange if scoffers had not reminded us of that delightful rhyme which tells us how the famous King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, when dining on grass:

said, as he munched the unaccustomed food, It may be wholesome, but it is not good!

RUSSIA'S HIDDEN ARSENALS

So inexhaustible appear the armaments enabling the Red Army to continue without respite their relentless advance against their German foes that it is a constant wonder where they can all come from. Much has, of course, been conveyed from America and the British Empire, but no fleets could have provided such a never-failing supply.

The explanation is, of course, that the Russians are manufacturing these colossal armaments for themselves. Russian war production far to the east of their fighting front is indeed on a colossal scale.

Russia not only fights on, with the same magnificent valour as before, but works on. Far away to the east of Orel, Kursk, and Kharkov, in the Ural mountains and beyond, immense new industries have been developed, some of them with workers and machinery bodily transported, in the first days of peril, from European Russia. New towns have sprung up throughout inner Russia and Siberia, the most amazing of which is Magnitogorsk, the centre of the Urals industry, taking its name from its vast mineral deposits.

Old and slow-moving cities like Gorky, famous for centuries as Nijni - Novgorod, have been modernised and transformed. Places like Chelyabinsk, which were formerly small and backward market-towns, have become huge machine-shops, with populations of half a million and more. Towns like Kirov and Sverdlovsk, named after Soviet leaders in the same popular fashion as Voroshilovsk and Stalingrad itself, throb today not only with the movement of machines, but with the furious energy of hundreds of thousands of workers, who are determined

to justify and bring new glory on their brothers on the battle-front.

Boys and girls in countless numbers toil ceaselessly by day and night to turn out the guns, tanks, vehicles, small arms, and ammunition for the Red Army, knowing that when that Army has saved their country they will have the chance to go on working, under happier and more prosperous conditions, to build up the industrial and commercial greatness of the New Russia.

It is that Russia which Hitler has sought so desperately to destroy, because its survival and growth meant the end of any Hitlerian Germany. Russia may even yet have to face stern trials and urgent stress. But her determination to make an end of Nazism will never falter or grow faint. That is the resolve of Russia's armies, and that is the message of Russia's workers, in those "secret cities" about which Hitler learned too late.

NAVY ORANGE

Because he was unnoticed by several vessels while swimming after being torpedoed, a merchant seaman wrote to the Merchant Navy Comforts Service suggesting that the Balachlava helmet should be of orange-coloured wool instead of blue. His suggestion has been adopted and now knitters throughout the country are advised to work with bright orange wool.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without

cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

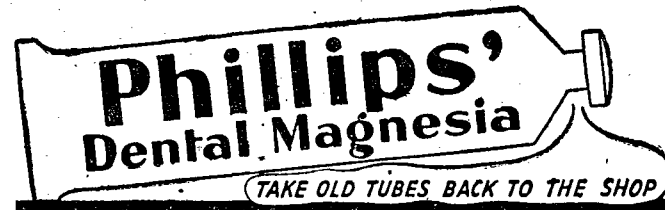
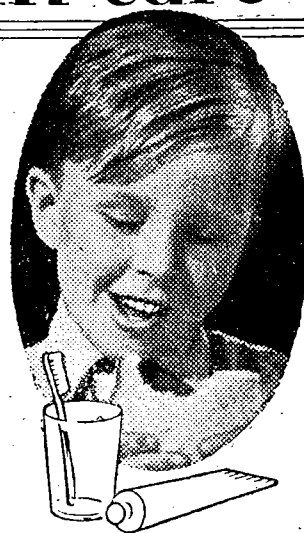
Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

His teeth need YOUR care-

Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia', which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

THE BRAN TUB

RAPID RISE

DEAR Mr Blank (wrote the young man who wished to be a journalist to an editor friend), Will you kindly tell me the type of magazine on which I am likely to reach a high position in a short time?

Dear Jack (ran the reply), Yes, a powder magazine, especially if you contribute a fiery article.

Familiar Latin Phrases

Terra firma, solid earth, a safe footing.

Vice versa, the terms being exchanged, the opposite.

Sine die, without a day appointed.

Dramatis personae, the characters of a play.

Lares et penates, household gods.

HOW STRANGE

SAID a quaint little maiden of Crewe,

Who came out of the sea looking blue:

"The sea's not polite,

It gave me a fright;

When I sat on a wave I went through!"

The Longest Place-Name

NEW ZEALAND can make a strong claim to having the longest place-name in the world. Most people in Britain are familiar with the claim to that distinction made for a railway town of Wales. A new map being prepared at the Dominion's capital city, Wellington, for civil use, contains the name: Tauma tawhakatangihangakoauauotanen uiarangikitanatahu (there is no hyphen in its 52 letters). It is an 890-foot hill in Hawke's Bay.

Apparently a somewhat obscure old Maori joke, the name has been given the following alternative translations: "The hill upon which the wind made a flute-sound in a tree" and "The hill upon which Rangit sat and played the flute to his lady-love."

BONES

THEY were discussing their school lesson on anatomy.

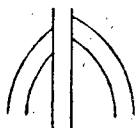
"I've got about six hundred bones in my body," said Bob.

"But Teacher said there were only about two hundred in the human skeleton," protested Peter.

"Yes, I know; but I had sardines for breakfast."

Optical Illusion

THE picture here seems to represent a badly drawn Gothic arch with a straight panel in front of it, for the two sides do not look as if they would join so as to be symmetrical. This, however, is a curious optical illusion. If we continue the left



side of the arch with a pencil we shall find it joins perfectly with the right-hand side. The panel is so placed that its right-hand edge exactly cuts the arch in two, and the whole panel cuts off more of the left than the right of the arch.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, September 8, to Tuesday, September 14.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Part Songs by the English Singers Quartet; followed by Gabriel's Bridge of Lilies, a story by Audrey Clark.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Valley of Om, an adventure serial by Marjorie Wynn-Williams—Episode 2, Up the Rejang River.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Three Glass Hearts, a fairy story by Olive Dehn; followed by Songs by the Three Semis; 5.50 Letter from America.

SATURDAY, 5.20 The Wee Hoose by the Burn—No. 2, Scottish Variety, accompanied by a section

of the Scottish Variety Orchestra, conducted by Ronnie Munro.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Jan the Dreamer or The Invisible Kingdom, a play by Olive Dehn, based on an old folk tale, with Jan van der Gucht as Jan and Doris Gambell as the Princess and the BBC Northern Orchestra.

MONDAY, 5.20 Spears and Jacks, a little play by Muriel Fyfe from a story in Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather; followed by Round the Zoo at Edinburgh, with the Scottish Zoo Man.

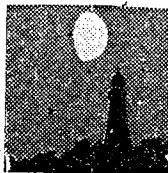
TUESDAY, 5.30 Young Artists—Beryl Webb, piano solos; Tony Simms, cornet solos; Audrey James and Audrey Cooper, song duets; 5.50 The Branch Trains; a talk by R. J. Blackmore.

Peter Puck on Fire Prevention

To "What are fire-guards?" Peter Puck replied: "There is not the slightest doubt, Those things you put before the fire To stop the coals from dropping out!"

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars is in the east. In the morning Saturn is in the south-west and Jupiter is low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 p.m. Wednesday, September 8.



Swollen-headed?

THERE was a precocious young boy Who every day made a new toy, And sat up in bed To do sums in his head, Till his brain would have filled a large buoy.

The Children's Newspaper, September 11, 1943

HORSE SENSE

A GATE had been left open, and the farmer had lost a valuable horse, so, after a long and fruitless search, he went into the village and posted up a notice that he would give a substantial reward to anyone who could find the horse.

In less than an hour a youth who had the reputation of being the village idiot arrived at the farmhouse leading the horse by its bridle. The farmer was as much astonished as delighted, and as he handed over the reward he asked the youth how he had found the horse.

"Well, sir, I just thought it out," was the reply. "I asked myself, 'Sam, where would you go if you were a horse?' Then I went there and found him."

R	O	A	D	B	A	R	K
R	U	R	A	L	A	N	
M	K	I	D	A	P	E	
U	S	L	O	G	G	I	A
L	E	A	L	R	E	E	D
L	E	S	S	E	E	R	E
I	T	S	W	A	S	R	
O	H	T	E	S	T	S	
N	E	R	O	E	Y	A	S

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
A Curious Word
Heroine

Hidden Foods
Eggs, meat, milk, fats, bacon, tea

Bouncer Brings Trouble to Jacko



JACKO should have known better than to take Bouncer with him when he went to watch a game of golf. "Lovely shot, sir," exclaimed Jacko when Professor Monkeyman hit the ball clean out of a difficult bunker and on to the green. But judge of Jacko's dismay—not to mention that of the golfers—when Bouncer darted on to the green, grabbed the ball in his mouth, and returned towards the little group, only to turn away when within a few feet and disappear with the ball. It was only Bouncer's fun, but unfortunately for Jacko the wrath of the golfers fell upon him!

DO YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT ANIMALS?

THAT whales do not spout water? They breathe out air, and when they are just below the surface the 'breathing' sometimes shoots up some water.

That the eagle never flies down beak first, as is often shown in pictures, but always feet first, so that it may seize its prey?

That the bloodhound is not a ferocious dog? He is trained to

scent blood, but rarely injures the man he may be tracking.

That the catgut used for violin strings is not made from the internal organs of the cat, but from those of the sheep?

That deer forests are not forests at all, but tracts of more or less rough land that are left uncultivated for the stalking of deer?

Riddles About Boys

WHAT two letters do boys delight in? *Two T's (to tease).*

What lesson can a boy learn from a fountain? *It must work or it cannot play.*

Why is a healthy boy like Great Britain? *Because he possesses a good constitution.*

When is a boy not a boy? *When he is abed.*

What changes a lad into a lady? *The letter y.*

Walters' Palm
SLAB Toffee for
BEST COUPON VALUE!
Controlled price 6d per 1/4 lb.

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GIVES YOU MOST FOOD VALUE...
Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELWYN-GARDEN City, Hertfordshire.

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Children's Newspaper, 8/5/43